



A Tragi-COMEDY, called

NEW-Market FAYRE,

OR A PARLIAMENT Out-Cry :

OF
State-Commodities,
SET TO SALE.

The Prologue sung by the Cryer.

Come, come away, to the Fayre I say,
for now 'tis the *Saints* Market-Day :
Here be pretty things, toys for your *new* Kings,
Scepters, Crowns, Diamonds and Rings :
Mannors for *pleasure*, good land for your *treasure* ;
good People, here is *measure* for *measure*.
Come Tom and Noll, lane, Cisse, Sue, and Doll,
and *wise* Aldermen of the City,
See but this *Play*, and before you go away
you'll say it's wondrous pritty.
Welcom, Welcom, with all my heart,
For now the Cryer must mind his *Part*.

The Second Edition, Corrected and amended by the Author.

Printed at *you may go look*. 1649.

To his Noble Friend the Man in the Moon, in Comendations of his
Tragi-Comedy called NEW-Market-FAYRE.

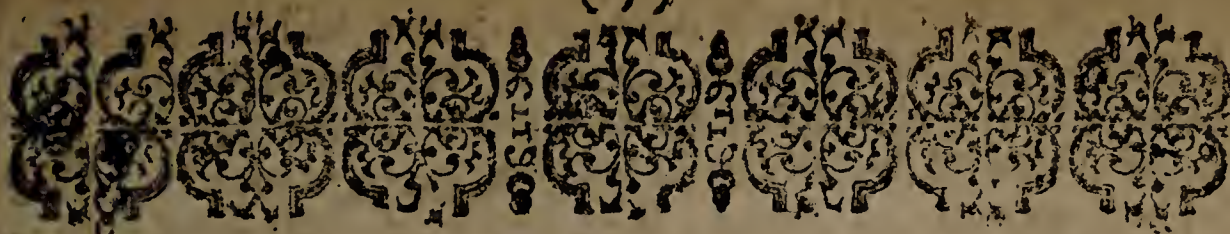
PROceed, Dear friend; and bid them doe their worst;
Tell them their *Acts* are like themselves *accurst* :
Thine are more *blest*, and *happy*, that give sight
To *blinde-men*; thy *Moon* ith' *eclipse* puts out their *light*.
But when our *Sol* but daines to appeare
In the bright *Orbe* of his Right *Hemisphere* :
Then shall *State-Glow-worms* vanish to their graves,
So ends thy *Play*, and so will end such *Knaves*.
Mean while thou hast the wishes of my heart,
This *Gold* to boot, to write thy *Second Part*.

Thine *W. M. B. In. Tem.*

The Actors Names.

Fairfax.	Pride.
Crumwell.	Martyn.
Their Wives.	Half a score Aldermen.
Ireton.	Rainsbroughs widow.
Mildmay.	Two Cryers.
Skippon.	Three Messengers.

The Scene WESTMINSTER.



NEW-Market-FAYRE,

OR A

PARLIAMENT

Out-Cry :

OF

State-Commodities,

SET TO SALE

Enter CRYER with a Crown and Scepter, a Cabinet of Jewells, Suites and Roabes belonging to the late King.

Cryer. **O** Yes, O yes, O yes ; here is a golden Crowne, worth many a hundred Pound ; 'twill fit the head of a Fool, Knave, or Clowne ; 'twas lately taken from the Royall Head, of a King Martyred ; Who bids most ? Here is a Scepter for to sway a kingdom a new *reformed* way ; 'twas usurp'd from one we did lately betray ; pray Customers come away : Here be Jewells of wondrous price, they will dazzle both your eyes ; come, come, who buyes : here be suits of the Kings, Bands, Shirts and Shoo-strings ; Here be Stockings ; here be shooes and cuffes, and double double Ruffes ; here be cloaks, hats and gloves, Rings and Bracelets

of His Dear Loves; Here be boots and spurres, and bloody handkerchers; with his Roabs that be royall, his Watch & Sun-diall; Here be Cabinets with Letters, to instruct all your betters; his *Meditations* and *Prayer-book*, in which all Nations may look; here is his *Haire*, and *royall Blood*, shed for his Subjects good; here be Liberaries and Books, and Pictures that containe his Looks; Here you may all things buy, that belong to Monarchy; Here's a Bowl his blood to Carrowse with the Goods belonging to his House; here be rich *Hangings*, Chairs and Stools, belonging to the House of *Lordly Fools*; here be seats of *Wool-packs*, and many pretty Knacks. Come customers buy, for the STATE wants money, my Candle is light, and I shut up before night.

Enter Fairfax, Cromwell, Ireton, Pryde, Martyn, Mildmay, and Skippon.

Fair. Gentlemen, welcome to *New-Market-Fayre*; Here are Commodities worth your *Purchasing*; the spoyls of *Tyrant Kings*, and of *incestious Queens*, which We have crush'd by power of *Arms*; and made them taste Our *high Displeasure* at large, when *Victory* was proud to honor Us at *Nasbys happy Field*. I hope you'll give me leave to chuse what I like best.

Crum. My Lord, the Fayr is proclaim'd, and *Free* - you have no greater priviledge then the meanest here; our *Interests* all alike in every parcell.

Cry. What want ye Gentlemen? here's *Stately Ware*; The *Goods* oth' King, and his Exiled *Heire*.

Crum. Where is the Crowne that *Col. Martyn* took from the Abby at *Westminster*, somefour yeers since? I think it fits my *Temples*, and is the richest save one, and that the *Rebell Earl of Darby* hath ith' *Ile of Man*.

Cryer. Here 'tis Sir; try it on: So, now 'tis sure, And makes you look more like a King then *Brewer*.

Fair. 'Tis most my Right, and best becomes my head.

Crum. Not yet my Lord, till *OLIVER* be dead.
Better to Straight, then to have none at all,
Were it but on, ——— yours should quickly fall.
Here's a hundred pound in gold for it;
And here's the *Purse* was given me by a *Citt*.

aside

Cry.

Cry. A hundred pound bid for the royall Crown of England;
who bids any more ?

Fair. Here 'tis trebble.

Cry. Three hundred pound bid for the royall Crown of England;
who bids more ?

Crom. Ile hav't in spight of *Fairfax* or *Fate*,
Although I buy't at ne're so deare a rate :
Here's five hundred pounds; and now 'tis mine.

Fair. But not so hasty sir; Here's a thousand for it :
And more; because Ile make it sure,
Ile give thee in my *Basen* and my *Vre*.

Crom. I caus'd the Owner of it loose his head,
And shall I loose his Crowne now he is dead?
No : Did it encompasse the powerful brows of *J O V E*,
I'de storm the Heavens, and fetch it from above.

Fair. Are you content to share it then ?

Crom. No : A Crown admits no Rivall; Ile all or none,
He sits unsafe that doth divide his Throne.

Enter my Lady Fairfax, and Mrs. Cromwell.

Fair. Ile try that presently. *draws his sword.*

Mrs. Crom. Doe if thou darst; *(she stands straddling betwixt.)*
Run thy blade in a Woman, doe,
Thou white-liver'd Knave thou; thou art mark'd for a Roague ;
Woo'd I were a man for thy sake. Uds. for Ide ———

Lady Fair. What woo'd ye Mistris *Yest* and *Graynes*; marry
feh-- Come up *Small-beer* : You'd make your nose as red-hot
as your husbands, and thrust it into his *Fizzling-place*, woo'd ye
not, Mistris *Brazen-face*.

Mrs. Crom. Call me Mistris *brazen-face*; ---; thou *Rotter-dam*
slut thou; --- call me *brazzen-face*. Thou look'st more liker a
Mistris *fools-face*, or like thy *Husbands-face*, then I do a *brazzen-*
face, or a *copper-face* either; Come, come; I never had a *Bastard*
by another man, when my *Husband* was at the *Leaguer* before
Breda; nor I keep not company with *Cavaliers* at *Tavernes*; nay
at *Bawdy Taverns* too, when thy *Tom Innocent* has been in fight.
Gorge me that, *Gorge* me that *Madam Turn-tayle*. *(maks horns.)*

Fair. You'l peace you *Shee-Otter*, Ile make ye take your *Cop-*
per else; and for *Dives-face* thy husband, Ile deale well enough
with him, ——— *come fire-snowt, dray.* *Mild.*

Mild. Nay, good my Lord, put up your sword; We shall ere long I fear have occasion enough to use your Valour: Ey, ey, in your own Country? wrong your own Country? 'tis the way to make us loose all we have got, and fetch the Prince in amongst us: Ile to the Counsell of State, and take up the businesse to all your contents Ile warrant ye; in the mean time you may equally divide the Houses and goods of the late King, Queen and Prince amongst us; you two shall car-lots, which shall be King of England, and which of Ireland; Com. Gen. *Ireton* Prince of Wales, my self Master of the horie, and clerk of your Majesties Jewels; Col. *Pride* will be content with Oate-lands, Wood-stock, or Greenwich to brew in: Mr. *Martyn* Lord Chamberlaine; Keeper of your Concubines, or Gentleman-Usher to one of your Queens; your Wives may enjoy all the Queens rights; and Major *Skippon* be made Lord High Constable of England; Mr. *Goodwin* Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. *Owen* Archbishop of York, and Hugh *Peters* of London, *John Bradshaw* Lord Chief Justice; *Steel*, *Rolls*, &c. of the privie Counsell, *Pembroke* Controulers; *Denbigh* Yeoman of the Wine-seller, *Flemming* Master-Cook, *Selden* Secretary of State, my Lady *Kent* Laundresse, *Miles Corbett* Scullion; and then we shall have a Kingdom well govern'd, and all the People contented to the full: Is not this better then fighting and weakning your selves to strenthen the Enemy?

Come, come, let's be all Peace, and cease base jarres,

Wee look for forrein, not domestique Warres.

Omnes. Content, content; all is Peace, all is Peace.

Mrs. Crom. But think ye that WE can brook any thing that was the late Queens; No, she was a Strumpet, & a Baggage, and all her Goods smell of Popery, and savor as strong as the Whore of Babylon; If the Kingdome will not be at the Charge to finde me all things New, by my troath, I will not be their Queen. Doe ye thinke that Ile be Odious to my People? No; they shall be proud of the Ornaments I weare.

The Gods themselves shall for my Love implore,

My People (like some Goddesse) me adore.

Crom. Be but content, my Dear, the glory of the world is thine.

Thou hast both *Indies* at thy beck; Thy traine

Shall be held up by Queens of France and Spaine Ex Om.

The

The Sceane changing. Enter a Surveigher, and presents a Landskip, wherein is discovered all the Kings Mannors, Parks, Chases, Forrests, with Horses and Deer feeding.

Enter a malignant CRYER.

Cryer. **O** Yes, O yes, O yes, Who buyes any of the late Kings Revenues belonging to His Crown, worth many a hundred Thousand pounds; Here be Mannors, Parks, Forrests and Chases, and good Timber trees that grow on their places; Here be good flock of Deer, for the Saints to make good cheer, and grown Woods for their fear; Here's Cammels, Asses, and Horses, that will mount you more Forces; Here be broken Seals Maces, and Members with hollow hearts, and double faces; Here's Deans and Chapters Lands, and Parliament men with bloody hands; Here are perjur'd Knaves and Fools, that have undone Churches and Free-Schools; here's *Grafton & Bel-cause*, that intend to steal half; *Tony Mildmay* and *Lampier* are intrusted to sell Deer; here is Taxes of Gold-smiths-hall, Couzening, Cheating, Lying, and the Devil and all; here is a new Art of *doubling* come in fashion, but hereafter 'twill prove *double* Damnation: *Ireton* Reports the amendments of the Act, but you may one day see how they are handled for the Fact; these holy thieves live only by murder and stealth, rob God, King and People for the good of the Common-wealth; here is *Richmond* and *Hampton-Court*, and *Windsor-Castle*, and *Havering* for their sport; here's *Wansted* for *Judas Mildmay*, that with a kiss did his Master betray; here's *Holmby* a prison to relieve, and *White-hall* full of thieves; here's the *Wardrobe* intended for the poor, and *St. Iames* that throwds many a Parliament-mans whore; here is *Tisbury*, *Roy-stone* and *Newmarket*, to be sold out-right, or to be let; here's *Claringdon*, *Oatlands*, *Theobalds*, *Woodstock*, & 400l. per an. for my Lord fool-*Pembroke*; here's *Bushy*; *Greenwich* and *Sumerfet-house*, which will serve the Saints to inherit, and multiply their spirit; besides here be Offices and Gratuities, given for their brethrens lyes; each Parliament-man has 4l. per week allow'd him; besides the Revenue, which they think is their due, Delinquents Estates and Church-lands, are all in State-hucksters hands, yet still they be poor, and tax the people more, and more; the Self-denying-Ordinance, lies in a trance; the war is unjust, grounded on covetousness.

ness and lust. Come Customers and buy ~~your own~~ *your own* slavery.

Enter Woolaston, Adkins, Pennington, and 4 Aldermen more with the Widdow Rainsbrough.

Wool. I have laid out large Sums in purchasing of Bishops Lands; heaven send me comfort of them, and grant I may enjoy them quietly. This news from Sea, and the Scots does not please me I promise ye.

Adkins. I have purchas'd son too, and have money in reserve for more. Sister Rainsbrough you will have double share for the loss of your dear husband; enough to marry you to a Lord.

Mrs. Rains. Indeed the State is liberal.

Cry. I, so they are, of that that is none of their own. *aside.*

Enter Fairfax, Cromwel, Ireton, &c.

Crom. We must be sudden in our resolutions, all's lost else; Money is a moveable Commodity, let's demand a million of the City: hang 'um, they'r rich enough.

Adkins. Do ye hear that brethren? *(lets stand a side)*

Crom. Tell them of Mannors, Bishops, Deans, and Chapters Lands; 'tis the way to make the Jovial heads untruss —

Adkins. He do't in my Breeches first. *aside.*

Fair. But when shall they dare not: if they should, we can compel them. Here's an ill scent my Lord, pray let's void the room.

Enter three Messengers running.

Crom. Some hasty news — pray heaven 'tis good.

Messengers. Here's Letters for the General. *Crom. reads.*

Crom. We're all undone; our Navy's lost at Sea; Dublin's taken; the Prince is landed with 30000 in the West; the Scots are advanc'd with five & twenty Thousand to Carlisle; the Levellers and Presbyters fly to them; and which is worse, the People generally do our late Actions curse. We all are lost.

Cryer. Ha, ha, ha; then you had best all hang your selves.

Omnes. All People here behold our miseries,

Who lives by Treason, thus by Treason dies.

F I N I S. *they fall upon their swords.*

Next Week expect the Second Part.

